

Classic Poetry Series

Henry Tudor

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Green Groweth the Holly

Green groweth the holly,
So doth the ivy.
Though winter blasts blow never so high,
Green groweth the holly.
As the holly groweth green
And never changeth hue,
So I am, ever hath been,
Unto my lady true.
As the holly groweth green
With ivy all alone
When flowers cannot be seen
And greenwood leaves be gone,

Now unto my lady
Promise to her I make,
From all other only
To her I me betake.

Adieu, mine own lady,
Adieu, my special
Who hath my heart truly
Be sure, and ever shall.

Henry Tudor

If Love now Reigned as it hath been

If love now reigned as it hath been
And were rewarded as it hath sin,
Noble men then would sure ensearch
All ways whereby they might it reach,
But envy reigneth with such disdain
And causeth lovers outwardly to refrain,
Which puts them to more and more
Inwardly most grievous and sore.
The fault in whom I cannot set,
But let them tell which love doth get--

To lovers I put now sure this case:
Which of their loves doth get them grace?

And unto them which doth it know
Better than do I, I think it so.

Henry Tudor

The Time of Youth is to be Spent

The time of youth is to be spent
But vice in it should be forfent.
Pastimes there be, I nought truly,
Which one may use and vice deny.
And they be pleasant to God and man,
Those should we covet, win who can,
As feats of arms and such other
Whereby activeness one may utter.
Comparisons in them may lawfully be set,
For thereby courage is surely out fet.
Virtue it is then youth for to spend
In good disports which it doth fend.

Henry Tudor

Though some Saith that Youth Ruleth me

Though some saith that youth ruleth me,
I trust in age to tarry.
God and my right and my duty,
From them I shall never vary,
Though some say that youth ruleth me.
I pray you all that aged be,
How well did ye your youth carry?
I think some worse, of each degree:
Therein a wager lay dare I,
Though some saith that youth ruleth me.

Pastimes of youth sometime among,
None can say but necessary.
I hurt no man, I do no wrong,
I love true where I did marry,
Though some saith that youth ruleth me.

Then soon discuss that hence we must.
Pray we to God and Saint Mary
That all amend, and here an end,
Thus saith the king, the eighth Harry,
Though some saith that youth ruleth me.

Henry Tudor

Though that Men do Call it Dotage

Though that men do call it dotage,
Who loveth not wanteth courage;
And whosoever may love get,
From Venus sure he must it fet
Or else from her which is her heir,
And she to him must seem most fair.
With eye and mind doth both agree.
There is no boot: there must it be.
The eye doth look and represent,
But mind affirmeth with full consent.

Thus am I fixed without grudge:
Mine eye with heart doth me so judge.

Love maintaineth all noble courage.
Who love disdaineth is all of the village:

Such lovers--though they take pain--
It were pity they should obtain,

For often times where they do sue
They hinder lovers that would be true.

For whoso loveth should love but once.
Change whoso will, I will be none.

Henry Tudor